



THE BURIAL OF THE SHOT FOX.

OF COURSE, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A HARE.

OLD AND NEW.

[The Chinese Minister and his attendants rode round Coventry the other day in motor cars.]

GODIVA, worthy lady,
Immeasurably kind,
With husband somewhat shady,
And not of noble mind—

A man no doubt unpleasant,
In justice rather lax,
And taking from the peasant,
Some early income tax—

Your lightly-clad procession
Would certainly have been

One making much impression,
If any one had seen.
But TOM, it is related,
Was straightway stricken blind,
So Coventry has waited,
To see another kind.
A different procession—
Ten centuries have passed—
With vastly changed progression,
Has gone along at last.
Not in a cart or boat, or,
Like you, upon a horse,
But in a modern motor
They ran their headlong course.

GODIVA, thus appearing
They almost cut you out,
These Chinamen careering
In motor cars about.

In China, with amazement,
They may advance yet more;
You asked for shuttered casement,
They'll want the Open Door.

SUITABLE SPOTS.—Ware-ham—for abstainers from pork; Whits-table—for facetious gourmets; Wig-more—for bald men; Wig-ton—for perruquiers; Winfarthing—for small gamblers; Wo-burn—for firemen.



A SMALL AND VERY EARLY ENGLISH CHILDREN'S PARTY. BY OUR TAPESTRY ARTIST.



"DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT!"

Pantaloons. "JOEY! JOEY! WHERE'S MY OLD AGE PENSION?"

Joey. "GET ALONG! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M VERY BUSY?"

SPORTING RETROSPECTS.

WITH a sad regret, alack !
Pleasant memories are blended,
To the sportsman looking back
On the season that is ended.

With a sigh my book I scan,
Many a loss and gain recording ;
Of the favourites that ran
Reminiscences affording.

How the throbbing pulses stir
To recall each glorious meeting—
Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster—
Newly their delights repeating !

Now, alas ! I must resign,
All despondent and sad-hearted,
Sporting joys of 'ninety-nine
To the realm of days departed.

Yet I own this somewhat tends
To alleviate my sorrow—
Though to-day the season ends,
It begins again to-morrow.

ORIENTAL ELEGANCE.

(A Suggestion.)

IT is stated that the Maharajah of Dholpur, when calling on Lord CURZON the other day, wore massive ropes of pearls and used a new set of gold carriage-harness. Here is an opportunity for the Viceroy, when he returns to this country or visits it, to introduce such magnificent fashions. What a chance for the writer of "My Social Diary," in the *Daily Mail*, to improve upon the trifling fashionable intelligence now provided, such as,— "Mr. JONES was walking down Bond Street in a tweed suit and a bowler hat." This is what we may expect then :—

Lord CURZON was walking in the Park in a very elegant morning suit of black velvet, the coat trimmed with large pearls, in place of buttons, *à la Chevalier*, and the trousers, very wide over the boots, adorned with two rows of pearls down each side in the same style. He was followed by three Indian attendants, carrying his umbrella, which was of white satin, his cigar case incrusted with rubies, and his overcoat of cloth of gold.

Mr. ASTOR strolled along Pall Mall in a light overcoat with diamond buttons. It is said that Mr. ASTOR's hats are made of Bank of England notes, a very light material, and the soles of his boots of American greenbacks. Paper was first used for military boots, but unsuccessfully. Notes, however, especially those of moderate value, become in time so greasy that they are quite waterproof, and form very soft and pliable sole.

Mr. WERNSTEIN, the South African millionaire, drove along the Embankment into the City. A set of platinum harness on the magnificent pair of greys in his silver victoria formed the fashionable arrangement of colours *en suite*. The shoes of the horses were of solid silver. Mr. WERNSTEIN himself wore a superb sable coat, the cuffs and collar edged with rows of immense diamonds.

Mr. CECIL RHODES was also in the City, wearing a gilt hat, with a narrow band of diamonds. Mr. RHODES has lately worn a new evening waistcoat. It is entirely covered with diamonds, in the style of the ancient stomacher. To form a pleasing contrast, the watch chain over this is made not of gold but of mohair, exactly resembling an old-fashioned bootlace.



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Cubby (to Gent who has been dining out). "'ERE Y'ARE, SIR. THIS IS YOUR 'OUSE—GET OUT—BE CAREFUL, SIR—'ERE'S THE STEP."
Gent. "YESSH ! THASH ALLEI, BUT WERSH MY FEET!"

The mohair, however, is obtained expressly from one special goat kept in a village of Asia Minor, and the watch guard, apparently a bootlace worth two-pence, actually costs over twenty pounds. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN drove up to the Colonial Office. He had a wreath of priceless orchids round his hat, which was evidently quite new. His frock coat, of immaculate cut, was partly concealed by another wreath of orchids, worn in the Samoan fashion. The harness and all the fittings of his brougham were of silver. It is said that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dislikes gold, which is so often compared to discreet silence.

HAMPERS FOR YULETIDE.

FORGOTTEN bills that suddenly appear to embarrass the balance at the bankers. Appeals for charity from petitioner's acquaintances in more prosperous days. Necessary visits to the theatre to please the little ones, and to give employment to the family doctor.

Family quarrels brought to the front by annual domestic gatherings.

The friend of the house with his embarrassing recollections (in the presence of strangers), of the poverty of the past, which has given place to the comparative affluence of the present.



BULLY BEEF.

'Bus Driver. "BIN AN' TOOK MY BEST 'OSES, THEY 'AVE, FOR THIS 'ERE WAR. FUST-RATE 'UNS THEY WOS TOO, BUT I RECKON ONE OF 'EM 'LL MAKE 'EM WISH THEY 'D NEVER SET EYES ON 'IM AFORE 'E'S FINISHED WITH 'EM."

'Old Lady. "DEAR ME! AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY 'LL DO WITH HIM?"

'Bus Driver. "DO WITH 'IM? PUT 'IM IN THE CANTEEN, I EXPECT."

'Old Lady. "POOR THING. I DO HOPE THEY 'LL BE KIND TO HIM THERE!"

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY.—I say, I've written a stunning Crissmas story with gohsts and orl sorts of joly things in it, like that, you know. You might get sum Maggotseen to publitch it. A big feller FRAZER major arskd me yestiddy what I was going to be so I sed I think Ime Littry and he sed I think your an ass. But thots not reparte nor sarksum, is it tho he thought it was orfly clever hes an orfle rotter you know. Hears the story inklosed. Your affeckshunt, MAX.

In the gluemy deffs of a forrist stood a gluemy looking house which was sposed to be hornted well it was Crissmas eve and snowing hard wen a Coach blowing a horn was seen aproaching the old ainshten mededevil house and in it the Coach I mean, not the house, was a feller and a gurl and another feller and they orl got out and wear welcumd most hartilly by the hoast who stood in the old Hall, warming the back part of himself by the blazying Yule log, the kind old man sed welcum to the Grainge and a lot more rot like that and terning to the second feller he added Arhar it is indeed plessent to have the son of my old school feller for my guessed, and to graps him by the hand* but we are so fool up that I fear I must put you in the Blue chamber Oh not a blow, arnsrd

* Well, he couldn't graps him by the leg.—TOMMY.

the young man chearfly I do not bleeve in gohsts and he larfed litely If that is so sed his good hoast it simplyfee matters grately Oh thots orl right sed the feller, whoo we will now introjuice to our reeders as the young Lord VERE DE NORMANBLOOD whose father had come over with the Conqueror sum years before.

It was a mery party witch asembleid at the Xmas dinern and murth rained soupream. The jests might not orl be new but no one minds a chesnut or 2 at Xmas (N.B. You should here sum of ROBINSON minor's tho—their orfle). Their hospitiable hoast sed I will now tell you the leg-end of this ainshten old house and of the Blue chamber were our young frend DE V. N. is now sleeping. He cleared his throte and began thus

"Arfter the Battil of Marston Moor O. CROMWELL sed hunt for orl rebbels and give them snuff. Well thare was a butyfool lady whoo lived in this house and she had a liver I mean a lover whoo had fort at M. Moor well he cain hear to hide arfter the Battil. Do you mind harbring a rebbel he sed to her and she sed shily oh what rot jest as if I should tern you from our door, not muteh, cum and I will hide you in the Blue chamber O. CROMWELL and orl his hoasts will never find you their. The young Caviareleer sed right you are, were is it? and she showed him into the room and brought him meet and drink. Presently a party of Fatheads (or Roundheads I forget which it is) a hettrygenius crew came

clamring for his blood and saying Marry come up, what ho, wear is the Caviareleer? And the butyfool made sed Odds bodkins mallypert away with you, and the O. C. feller sed you shut up, wear going to search the house and soon they came to the Blue chamber and the fair gurl sed this is my room and by my halidom you shall not enter And then the O. C. feller sed S. Death but I will. Stand a side Then the made, droring herself up to her fool hight sed Never by gum! A sord lept from it's scabberd there was a flash in the pan and the made lay dead on the flor Then they orl bust into the room and their stood the Caviareleer They rushed in and sloo him So now the gohsts of the 2 (the fair young made and the Caviareleer feller I mean) wander from midnight to cock-crow through the Blue chamber witch is disturbing to those whoo dont know the leg-end but orl right for those whoo do."

The company receeved this with great applaws But Lord DE V. N. pail and trubbled rose and left the room. He packed up and went strate to the railway station and saying "this is good enough for yours truly" curled up and slept in the wating room that night and never set foot in that gluemy house again.—Aint that a joly good story, Uncle CHARLEY?

CHRISTMAS WAITS.—The many hours spent outside gallery and pit doors on first night of Drury Lane Pantomime.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN his books, from *The Inland Voyage* down to *Weir of Hermiston*, there are found many loopholes opening on the soul of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. In his *Letters* (METHUEN), noonday light blazes upon the strangely moved, often turbulent, entity. Writing to a familiar friend, STEVENSON told everything, not only where he walked, what he ate for dinner, how sorely he was in lack of "dibs," how grievously he suffered from illness, how he covertly dropped some money to be picked up by a repulsive street-walker pursuing him at Portobello, what he had written and what he thought of it, what he was going to write and how much better he thought of that. Mr. SYDNEY COLVIN edits the *Letters* with discriminating hand. Much he has kept back, and here and there in those printed is a tantalizing hiatus. What is left abundantly suffices to bring the reader unveiled into the inner presence of a rare mind. We are accustomed, even *ad nauseam*, to hear STEVENSON extolled as a master of literary style. My Baronite believes that absolutely the most perfect specimens of his style will be found in the unpremeditated strain of these letters, hurriedly written in varied circumstances—in bed, in the train, hungry, once at least over-full, sometimes weary, often sick, as he thought, unto death. There is one phrase in an early letter, written twenty-four years before the Jameson Raid, which sums up in six words the proceedings of the famous South Africa Committee appointed to inquire into it. "Simpering honesty whilst they suppress documents." Had he been free from personal connection with the Committee, Sir WILLIAM HARcourt would have given £10 to the Clergy Relief Fund to have hit upon the phrase. Amongst the many excellencies of Mr. COLVIN's work is a detail, rare if not new. At the head of each page he cites not only the date the story has reached, but the age of the subject of the memoir, an immense convenience in reading a biography.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAM ABECKETT correctly describes his latest contribution to general literature, entitled *London at the End of the Century* (HURST AND BLACKETT), as "A Book of Gossip," which is just precisely what it is. It reminds the Londoner of a variety of things he may have already known and forgotten, and tells a country cousin much that is worth remembering. To take up his book is like walking about town with an entertaining friend, only with this great advantage, that you can put him down, and shut him up whenever you like, without hurting his susceptibilities. The pictorial cover is attractive, and this is *pour quelque chose* where a book is bound to be read. Whether the printer has done the author a wrong, or whether our Gossip's knowledge of London is, like Mr. Sam Weller's, "extensive and peculiar," we must own to never having come across any *restauration* named "VEVEY'S," where, at p. 256, our Gossip recommends his attentive listener to dine. He puts it guardedly thus, "or you might look in at VEVEY'S." "Might" is good, if "VEVEY'S" exists. What a lunch our Gossiping Gourmet recommends, "Chateaubriand, petits pois au beurre, and an Artichaut à l'huile!" You don't get a Chateaubriand anywhere under three and six at the very least, and it is plenty for three and enough for four! With this Gargantuan lunch what drink? He doesn't mention any. Eryo, wanted a Revised Edition. But pick and choose where you like at haphazard in this book, you are sure to come upon something entertaining; though why in referring to the bright, witty, cynically disposed but lazily good-natured dramatist, the late HENRY J. BYRON, our Gossip should have selected one of that brilliant punster's very weakest puns as a fair specimen of the "pun of the period" is strange, as it is unfair to BYRON, and depreciative of our Good Gossip's own contemporaries who heartily enjoyed, as did the Theatre-going public, BYRON'S smart humour and genial wit. A very amusing book.

Our assistant Baroness hopes that the account of the Maori tribes during their fight with us in 1845 that Mr. ROLF BOLDREWOOD treats us to in *War to the Knife* (MACMILLAN) is historically faithful, for it is certainly narratively tedious, with its pages of description, and profusion of native words, that can only interest a student of the aboriginal language. Perhaps the author treats us to them purposely as a relief to his own pompous and grandiloquent phrases, which instinctively recall to us the dear old Mr. Barlow of our childhood. The hero, too, has an irritating habit of "recalling lines of the immortal bards," and at every few pages breaks forth into irrelevant verse. As a *vade mecum* for those about to travel through Maori-land the book may have its advantages—as a novel my Baroness can only regret it as coming from the author of *Robbery Under Arms*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A POSER.

Katie (in consternation). "OH, MOTHER, HOW WILL SANTA CLAUS DO ABOUT THAT POOR MAN'S STOCKINGS?"

ECONOMICAL AMENITIES.

(*A Seasonable Warning by Z.Y.X.*)

A "TRAMP Christmas Card" is now on the market, designed to be sent round a circle of friends and back to the issuer. We fear the idea will be seized upon and developed, unless the dangers are pointed out in time. There will be, for instance, the Circular Christmas Present, which Mr. A. gives to Miss B. and she passes on to Mrs. C., and so on through the alphabet, until A. gets his own again, considerably second-hand, it is true, but possibly still serviceable.

Then we shall have the Round Robin Dinner Invitation, circulated from house to house till the enterprising host and hostess are rewarded with a meal at the expense of the last of their friends (there will be no doubt about their being the *last*)—all the previous invitations in the series being, of course, refused.

On the same principle, unless due precautions are taken, the Running Cold in the Head, and the Serial Attack of Flu will be current, if not fashionable, at this season of the year, each complaint eventually coming home to roost with its initiator.

We shudder to think of other contingencies: for instance, the Co-operative Cigar, which the owner lights and dispatches on its journey round the smoking-room, consuming the stump at the finish; to be followed by the Rotary Cigarette, the Recurring Briar and the Tramp Clay-pipe, on a similar errand, while the Club Chestnut and the Boomerang Anecdote are engaged upon their deadly work, previous to their return upon their progenitor.

Finally, we scarcely dare hint at possibilities connected with the Common or Table Napkin, the Household or Ship's Tooth-brush, the General Pocket-handkerchief and other domestic objects.

A TIP.

Pedantic Uncle. Now, my boy, tell me, what is the translation of "Ne quid nimis?"

Nephew (with a view to a New Year's gift, readily). It's "nothing under a sovereign."



"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGER."

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

LITTLE GERMANY LOQUITUR.

DER KAISER has a barty,
A barty on de Spree,
Vot vants to build so great a vleet
As never sailed de sea;
But vy dey vants it I can't dell,
Unless it be, by chance,
To votch upon de Rhein and guard
De frontier of France.

Der KAISER has a barty
Vot vill to rule de main,
But vy dey vants to do it for,
Dis can I not exblain.

I dinks de Schwitzers might so vell
Puild pattleships and yearn
To be von great sea-power and rule
De vild waves of Lucerne.

Der KAISER has a barty—
Yah, wohl! I vill admit
A vleet may necessary be
Ven you have need of it.
Zum Beispiel, I do surely dink
Dat Noah vos discreet—
Vere should we be if he'd forgot
To puild his leetle vleet?

Der KAISER has a barty—
Vere vill dat barty be

Ven all de gold of Deutschland
Is sunken in de sea?
Vere ist de rose of Summer?
Vere ist de blind man's sight?
All goned avay mit our income tax—
Weg in de Ewigkeit!

THE ARM-CHAIR WARRIOR.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

[Speaking at Newcastle, Lord DURHAM was pleased to reiterate the criticism which he had passed at a fat-stock luncheon on the appointment of General GATACRE to the command of a brigade.]

YE amateurs of England
Who keep your native seats
And criticise so bravely
The fighting man's defeats ;
Ye turkey-carpet warriors
Who ventilate your view
Of what could be accomplished
If things were left to you :—

Ye Daniels, come to judgment,
Lord D-RH-M and the like,
Who for your country's service
Do not propose to strike ;
Who rise at fat-stock luncheons
And show the obvious flaw
In strategy that marches
Upon an empty maw :—

My paper-map civilians !
One cannot but admire
With how sublime a courage
You face the club-room fire ;
With what prophetic wisdom
You speak the warning word,
Choosing the happy moment
When things have just occurred !

There runs an ancient proverb,
Good for the swollen head,
How fools rush in serenely
Where angels fear to tread ;
But here the common mortal,
The stroller down the street,
Knows better than to follow
Your rash, intruding feet.

To each his own opinion ;
You have a right to yours ;
But not the right, believe me,
To boom it out-of-doors ;
If decent folk are silent,
Are they for that less wise ?
No, no, it is in manners
The shocking difference lies.

Is not our task enough, Sirs,
To bear the present hurt,
That you on wounded honour
Must dump your little dirt ?
You, from your padded arm-chair,
Safe in a sea-locked land,
While those you smirch are holding
Their lives within their hand.

When we are short of critics
To sum the final blame,
We'll ask a fighter's verdict
Upon a fighter's game ;
But you who pass opinions
On work but half begun,
Please give us your credentials,
Show something you have done !

MEMS OF THE MOMENT.

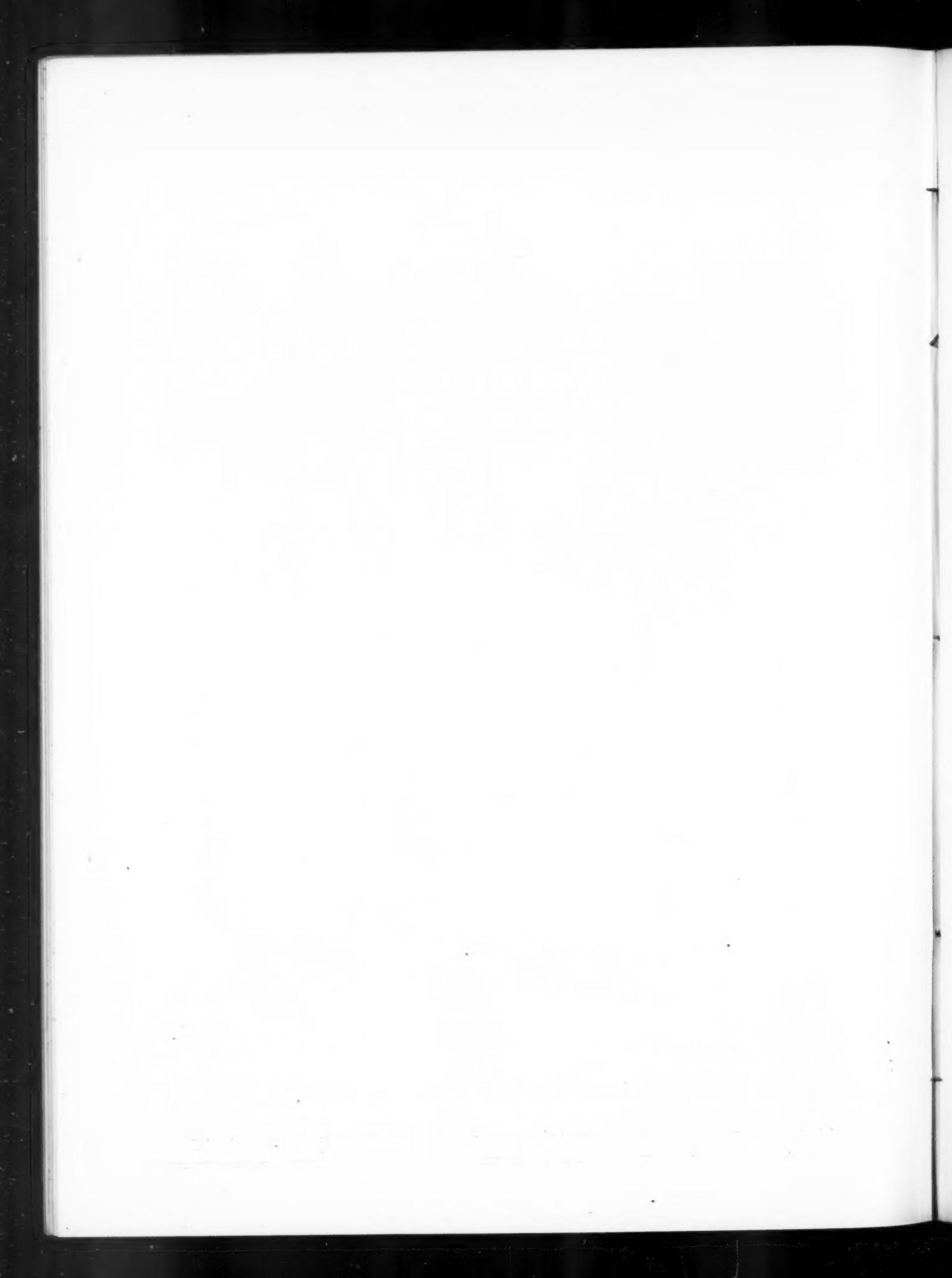
In December the shortest day seems the longest when spent in the Law Courts.
The music of the waits sounds sweetest in the station-house.

At Yuletide the sun leaves London to take up his residence at the seaside.



“COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.”

FATHER CHRISTMAS. “CONFOUND YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT, YOU’VE QUITE SPOILED MY SHOW THIS YEAR!”





UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

Nervous Equestrian (out with, or rather, without Hounds). "WHY WASN'T I BROUGHT UP AS A MATADOR?"

JACKY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(*A suggestion for a practical joker of tender years.*)

MASTER JACKY entered the room laden with gifts and addressed his kindred:—

"My dear grandfather, I have heard you often complain that you are losing your power of locomotion, so to ensure you a good run I have brought you this untrained bloodhound, who will induce you to quicken your steps considerably."

Then turning to his grandmother he continued,

"And you, my dearest granny, who were so justly proud of your beauty, I have something for you. This preparation of vitriol, if applied with sufficient vigour, will remove the deepest wrinkles and smooth the roughest skin."

Then he spoke to his irritable uncle JOSEPH.

"My dearest uncle JOE, I know you have an unfounded objection to practical jokes. To conquer this aversion I have brought you a prepared cigar which, when half smoked, will cause amused surprise, and a clockwork pillow that will promote insomnia. Try them both, my dear uncle, and you will never regret that fee you paid your lawyer when you cut me out of your will."

Then he addressed his maiden aunt. "And you, my dearest AUNT TABETHA, I have a gift for you. It will come to you on Boxing Day in the shape of a letter containing an offer of marriage. Reply to

the writer and then you will surprise him and cause him unlimited merriment."

Lastly, he addressed his elder brother BOB.

"My dear brother BOB, as my purse was exhausted when I thought of you, I have had to reverse the order of things in your case. When you search for your white waistcoats, ties and gloves, you will find them gone. Your patent-leather shoes—which are exactly my size—will have also vanished. In fact, you will find that, thanks to my exertion, you will have given me a series of magnificent and useful presents. I thank you sincerely."

Then turning to his relatives *en masse* he continued,

"And now I must bid you all good-bye. You will notice a thin veil of vapour

emerging from that paper parcel. The smoke comes from a slow match which however burns steadily, and now I will withdraw with rapidity, leaving you to enjoy the box of fireworks I have so thoughtfully lighted for your amusement."

The speaker then bolted, leaving the *feu d'artifice* as a souvenir behind him.

SHY, BUT EARNEST.

IF, when I would breathe "I love you"
In a most impassioned tone,
Swear that Heaven's eyes above you
Aren't a patch upon your own,
If my tongue should slip and falter,
See the heart beneath, I pray,
Let me lead you to the altar
In my foolish awkward way.



"PLEASE, SIR, I'M NOT A TURKEY."
"NO. BUT YOU'RE SUCH A GOOSE!"

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.
For the dear boys:—With Rod and Birch, *Push-Bah*; or, *The Billiard-marker in Japan*. "Heroes of the Football" Series:—*Tips from a Punter, Down the Line*; or, *How I learned to fly on the Lower Wing*, &c. For the dear girls:—Old style: *Susan's Sampler*; or, *What the Camel went Through*. Newstyle: *Straddle-legs Across Thibet*, *The Bloomer Brigade*, &c. For the little ones: *Mary's Lamb*; or, *Nice Beasts for Nice Children*. N.B.—We are holding back in reserve our special *fin de siècle* list of novelties, as we are credibly informed that the century does not conclude till the close of 1900 A.D.



CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. II.

ADMIRAL LORD CH-RL-S B-R-SF-RD.

Lord Charlie. "NOW THEN, MY HEARTIES, YOU CAN FIRE AWAY WITH THAT '4.7' PORT!"

MASTERPIECES MODERNIZED.

IN these days of much edited classics, it is but a slight step in advance for venturesome editors to revise certain masterpieces and bring them pleasantly up-to-date by infusing somewhat of their own personalities into them. *Mr. Punch* makes the following suggestions by way of illustration.

I.—JANE EYRE.

(Revised by Mrs. H-MPHRY W-RD.)

After dining with my pupil as usual in Mrs. FAIRFAX's room, I read to her (which was also usual) characteristic extracts from the works of CHILLINGWORTH, J. H. NEWMAN and the Tübingen critics. It was my duty to acquaint ADELE with the leading characteristics of the various theological schools. This would usefully supplement the *Goethe for Infant Readers* and the *Nietzsche Line upon Line* which had formed our morning study. We were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. FAIR-

FAX, who informed us that Mr. ROCHESTER wished ADELE and myself to take tea with him in the drawing-room. Mr. ROCHESTER greeted us with old-fashioned courtesy, but his expression was thoughtful even to weariness. "Pray be seated, Miss EYRE," he said.

"Thank you, Sir."

At the word "Sir," he started and flushed a dusky crimson.

"For heaven's sake don't say 'Sir' with that strong Yorkshire accent, Miss EYRE . . . Besides, ROUSSEAU and ST. SIMON, not to mention later writers (which will be duly discussed and analysed later on by me in this book) have surely taught us that glorious doctrine of social equality."

"You are a socialist then, Sir—I mean ROCHESTER."

He smiled gloomily.

"For a short space, yes. That was the outcome of my last psychological crisis. But I have been through many crises. During the last six weeks I have been in

rapid succession a Freethinker, a Catholic, Dissenter, Individualist, Socialist."

"Precisely my own experience," I replied.

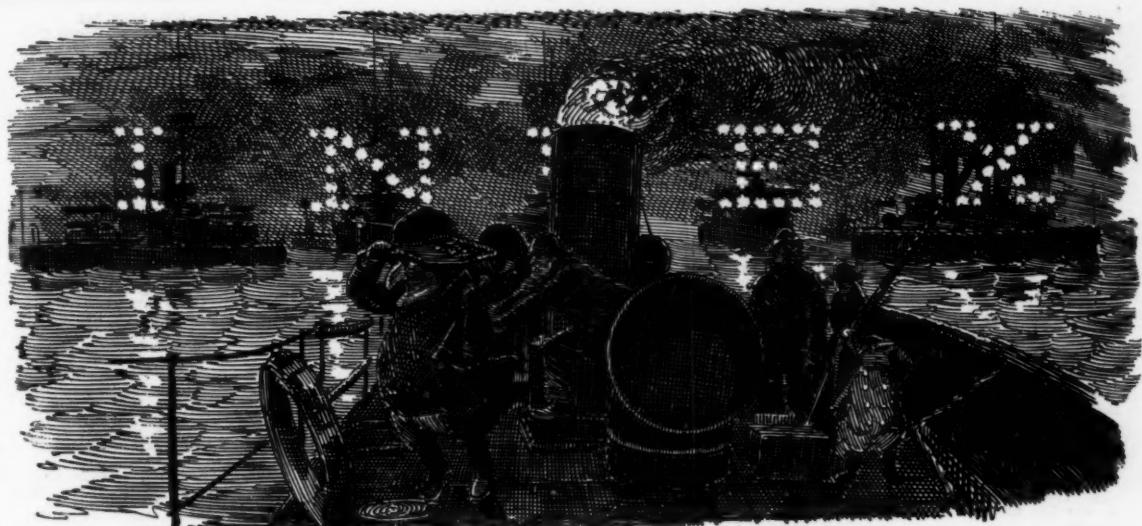
He interrupted me with a cry of anger.

"Miss EYRE, surely it is understood we must never pass through the same psychological crisis at the same time. From the standpoint of powerful characterisation it would ruin all effective contrast. Call me 'Sir' every two minutes if you like, but don't tell me you too are a socialist."

With great skill I turned the current of the conversation.

* * * * *

That evening I was sitting up late discussing SCHOPENHAUER with Mrs. FAIRFAX when a terrible scream rang through the house. It came from the library. I rushed in and found Mr. ROCHESTER lying on the floor in a dead faint. His clenched fist held some sort of card. I lowered my candle and discovered it to be my membership ticket of the Fabian Society. Then I understood.

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